

Itso SACRIFICE

had in my power, vain
woman that
I am. I showed my sullen
anger*
and remained away from
him ; but
it was fruitless. Woman's
anger is
like a diamond's glitter; it
only
shines, but cannot burn. I
would it
were like thunder, bursting
upon the
King's house, startling him
up from
his sleep, and dashing his
pride to the
ground.

(Enters the boy DRUVA.)

Gunavati

Where are you going ?

Druva

*I am called by the King,
[Goes out.]*

Gunavati

There goes the darling of the
King**
heart- He has robbed
my unborn